Choyce

DROLLERY:

SONGS & SONNETS.

BEING

A Collection of divers excellent pieces of Poetry,

OF

Severall eminent Authors.

Never before printed.

LONDON,
Printed by *F. G.* for *Robert Pollard*, at the *Ben-Johnson's* head behind the Exchange, and *John Sweeting*, at the *Angel* in Popes-head Alley.
1656.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

THy grateful reception of our first Collection hath induced us to a second essay of the same nature; which, as we are confident, it is not inferiour to the former in worth, so we assure our selves, upon thy already experimented Candor, that it shall at least equall it in its fortunate acceptation. We serve up these Deli-

cates by frugall Meſſes, as aiming at thy Satisfaction, not Saciety. But our deſigne being more upon thy judgement, than patience, more to delight thee, than to detain thee in the portall of a tedious, and ſeldome-read Epiſtle; we draw this diſpleaſing Curtain, that intercepts thy (by this time) gravid, and almoſt teeming fancy, and ſubſcribe,

R. P.

Choice DROLLERY: SONGS AND SONNETS.

The broken Heart.

1.

DEare Love let me this evening dye,
Oh ſmile not to prevent it,
But uſe this oportunity,
Or we ſhall both repent it:
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
That ſo my way of dying
May, though my life were full of ſmart,
Be worth the worlds envying.

2.

Some ſtriving knowledge to refine,
Conſume themſelves with thinking,
And ſome who friendſhip ſeale in wine
Are kindly kill'd with drinking:
And ſome are rackt on th' Indian coaſt,
Thither by gain invited,
Some are in ſmoke of battailes loſt,
Whom Drummes not Lutes delighted.

3.

Alas how poorely theſe depart,
Their graves ſtill unattended,
Who dies not of a broken heart,
Is not in death commended.
His memory is ever ſweet,
All praiſe and pity moving,
Who kindly at his Miſtreſſe feet
Doth dye with over-loving.

4.

And now thou frown'ſt, and now I dye,
My corps by Lovers follow'd,
Which ſtreight ſhall by dead lovers lye,
For that ground's onely hollow'd:
If Prieſt take't ill I have a grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my eſtate ſhall have
To teach them th' art of loving.

5.

And now let Lovers ring their bells,
For thy poore youth departed;
Which every Lover els excels,
That is not broken hearted.
My grave with flowers let virgins ſtrow,
For if thy teares fall neare them,
They'l ſo excell in ſcent and ſhew,
Thy ſelfe wilt ſhortly weare them.

6.

Such Flowers how much will *Flora* priſe,
That's on a Lover growing,
And watred with his Miſtris eyes,
With pity overflowing?
A grave ſo deckt, well, though thou art
Yet fearfull to come nigh me,
Provoke thee ſtraight to break thy heart,
And lie down boldly by me.

7.

Then every where ſhall all bells ring,
Whilſt all to blackneſſe turning,
All torches burn, and all quires ſing,
As Nature's ſelf were mourning.
Yet we hereafter ſhall be found
By Deſtiny's right placing,
Making like Flowers, Love under ground,
Whoſe Roots are ſtill embracing.

Of a Woman that died for love of a Man.

NOr Love nor Fate dare I accuſe,
Becauſe my Love did me refuſe:
But oh! mine own unworthineſſe,
That durſt preſume ſo mickle bliſſe;
Too mickle 'twere for me to love
A thing ſo like the God above,
An Angels face, a Saint-like voice,
Were too divine for humane choyce.

Oh had I wiſely given my heart,
For to have lov'd him, but in part,
Save onely to have lov'd his face
For any one peculiar grace,
A foot, or leg, or lip, or eye,
I might have liv'd, where now I dye.
But I that ſtriv'd all theſe to chuſe,
Am now condemned all to loſe.

You rurall Gods that guard the plains,
And chaſt'neth unjuſt diſdains;
Oh do not cenſure him him for this,
It was my error, and not his.
This onely boon of thee I crave,
To fix theſe lines upon my grave,
With *Icarus* I ſoare too high,
For which (alas) I fall and dye.

Or

On the *TIME-POETS.*

ONe night the great *Apollo* pleas'd with *Ben*,
Made the odde number of the Muſes ten;
The fluent *Fletcher*, *Beaumont* rich in ſenſe,
In Complement and Courtſhips quinteſſence;
Ingenious *Shakeſpeare*, *Maſſinger* that knowes
The ſtrength of Plot to write in verſe and proſe:
Whoſe eaſie Pegaſſus will amble ore
Some threeſcore miles of Fancy in an houre;
Cloud-grapling *Chapman*, whoſe Aerial minde
Soares at Philoſphy, and ſtrikes it blinde;
Danbourn I had forgot, and let it be,
He dy'd Amphibion by the Miniſtry;
Silveſter, *Bartas*, whoſe tranſlatique part
Twinn'd, or was elder to our Laureat:
Divine compoſing *Quarles*, whoſe lines aſpire
The April of all Poeſy in May,

Who makes our Engliſh ſpeak *Pharſalia*;
Sands metamorphos'd ſo into another
We know not *Sands* and *Ovid* from each other;
He that ſo well on *Scotus* play'd the Man,
The famous *Digg*, or *Leonard Claudian*;
The pithy *Daniel*, whoſe ſalt lines afford
A weighty ſentence in each little word;
Heroick *Draiton*, *Withers*, ſmart in Rime,
The very Poet-Beadles of the Time: (ſqueak
Panns paſtorall *Brown*, whoſe infant Muſe did
At eighteen yeares, better than others ſpeak:
Shirley the morning-child, the Muſes bred,
And ſent him born with bayes upon his head:
Deep in a dump *John Ford* alone was got
With folded armes and melancholly hat;
The ſquibbing *Middleton*, and *Haywood* ſage,
Th'Apologetick Atlas of the Stage;
Well of the Golden age he could intreat,
But little of the Mettal he could get; (lump,
Threeſcore ſweet Babes he faſhion'd from the
For he was Chriſt'ned in *Parnaſſus* pump;
The Muſes Goſſip to *Aurora*'s bed,
And ever ſince that time his face was red.
Thus through the horrour of infernall deeps,
With equal pace each of them ſoftly creeps,
And being dark they had *Alectors* torch,
And that made *Churchyard* follow from his
Poor, ragged, torn, & tackt, alack, alack, (Porch,
You'd think his clothes were pinn'd upon his
back.

The

The whole frame hung with pins, to mend which clothes,
In mirth they ſent him to old Father Proſe;
Of theſe ſad Poets this way ran the ſtream,
And *Decker* followed after in a dream;
Rounce, *Robble*, *Hobble*, he that writ ſo high big
Baſſe for a Ballad, *John Shank* for a Jig:
Sent by *Ben Johnſon*, as ſome Authors ſay,
Brooms went before and kindly ſwept the way:
Old *Chaucer* welcomes them unto the Green,
And *Spencer* brings them to the fairy Queen;
The finger they preſent, and ſhe in grace
Transform'd it to a May-pole 'bout which trace
Her skipping ſervants, that do nightly ſing,
And dance about the ſame a Fayrie Ring.

The Vow-breaker.

WHen firſt the Magick of thine eye
Uſurpt upon my liberty,
Triumphing in my hearts ſpoyle, thou
Didſt lock up thine in ſuch a vow:
When I prove falſe, may the bright day
Be govern'd by the Moones pale ray,
(As I too well remember) this
Thou ſaidſt, and ſeal'd'ſt it with a kiſſe.

Oh heavens! and could ſo ſoon that tye
Relent in ſad apoſtacy?
Could all thy Oaths and mortgag'd truſt,
Baniſh like Letters form'd in duſt,
Which the next wind ſcatters? take heed,
Take heed Revolter; know this deed
Hath wrong'd the world, which will fare worſe
By thy example, than thy curſe.

Hide that falſe brow in miſts; thy ſhame
Ne're ſee light more, but the dimme flame
Of Funerall-lamps; thus ſit and moane,
And learn to keep thy guilt at home;
Give it no vent, for if agen
Thy love or vowes betray more men,
At length I feare thy perjur'd breath
Will blow out day, and waken death.

The Sympathie.

IF at this time I am derided,
And you pleaſe to laugh at me,
Know I am not unprovided
Every way to anſwer thee,
Love, or hate, what ere it be.

Never Twinns ſo nearly met
As thou and I in our affection,
When thou weepſt my eys are wet,
That thou lik'ſt is my election,
I am in the ſame ſubjection.

In one center we are both,
Both our lives the ſame way tending,
Do thou refuſe, and I ſhall loath,
As thy eyes, ſo mine are bending,
Either ſtorm or calm portending.

I am careleſſe if deſpiſed,
For I can contemn again;
How can I be then ſurpriſed,
Or with ſorrow, or with pain,
When I can both love & diſdain?

The Red head and the White.

1.

COme my White head, let our Muſes
Vent no ſpleen againſt abuſes,
Nor ſcoffe at monſtrous ſignes i'th' noſe,
Signes in the Teeth, or in the Toes,
Nor what now delights us moſt,
The ſign of ſignes upon the poſt.
For other matter we are ſped,
And our ſigne ſhall be i'th' head.

2.

Oh! *Will: Rufus*, who would paſſe,
Unleſſe he were a captious Aſſe;
The Head of all the parts is beſt,
And hath more ſenſes then the reſt.
This ſubject then in our defence
Will clear our Poem of non-ſenſe.
Beſides, you know, what ere we read,
We uſe to bring it to a head.

Why

1.

Why there's no other part we can
Stile Monarch o're this Isle of man:
'Tis that that weareth Nature's crown,
'Tis this doth smile, 'tis this doth frown,
O what a prize and triumph 'twere,
To make this King our Subject here:
Believ't, 'tis true what we have sed,
In this we hit the naile o'th' head.

2.

Your nailes upon my head Sir, Why?
How do you thus to villifie
The King of Parts, 'mongst all the rest,
Or if no king, methinks at least,
To mine you should give no offence,
That weares the badge of Innocence;
Those blowes would far more justly light
On thy red skull, for mine is white.

1.

Come on yfaith, that was well sed,
A pretty boy, hold up thy head,
Or hang it down, and blush apace,
And make it like mines native grace.
There's ne're a Bung-hole in the town
But in the working puts thine down,
A byle that's drawing to a head
Looks white like thine, but mine is red.

Poore

2.

Poore foole, 'twas ſhame did firſt invent
The colour of thy Ornament,
And therefore thou art much too blame
To boaſt of that which is thy ſhame;
The Roman Prince that Poppeys topt,
Did ſhew ſuch Red heads ſhould be cropt:
And ſtill the Turks for poyſon ſmite
Such Ruddy skulls, but mine is white.

1.

The Indians paint their Devils ſo,
And 'tis a hated mark we know,
For never any aim aright
That do not ſtrive to hit the white:
The Eagle threw her ſhell-fiſh down,
To crack in pieces ſuch a crown:
Alas, a ſtinking onions head
Is white like thine, but mine is red.

2.

Red like to a blood-ſhot eye,
Provoking all that ſee't to cry:
For ſhame nere vaunt thy colours thus
Since 'tis an eye-ſore unto us;
Thoſe locks I'd ſwear, did I not know't,
Were threds of ſome red petticoat;
No Bedlams oaker'd armes affright
So much as thine, but mine is white.

Now

1.

Now if thou'lt blaze thy armes Ile ſhew't,
My head doth love no petticoat,
My face on one ſide is as faire
As on the other is my haire,
So that I bear by Heraulds rules,
Party per pale Argent and Gules.
Then laugh not 'cauſe my head is red,
Ile ſwear that mine's a noble head.

1.

The Scutcheon of my field doth beare
One onely field, and that is rare,
For then methinks that thine ſhould yeild,
Since mine long ſince hath won the field;
Beſides, all the notes that be,
White is the note of Chaſtity,
So that without all feare or dread,
Ile ſweare that mine's a maidenhead.

1.

There's no Camelion red like me,
Nor white, perhaps, thou'lt ſay, like thee;
Why then that mine is farre above
Thy haire, by ſtatute I can prove;
What ever there doth ſeem divine
Is added to a Rubrick line,
Which whoſoever hath but read,
Will grant that mine's a lawful head.

2.

Yet adde what thou maiſt, which by yeares,
Croſſes, troubles, cares and feares,;
For that kinde nature gave to me
In youth a white head, as you ſee,
At which, though age it ſelfe repine,
It ne're ſhall change a haire of mine;
And all ſhall ſay when I am am dead,
I onely had a conſtant head.

1.

Yes faith, in that Ile condeſcend,
That our diſſention here may end,
Though heads be alwaies by the eares,
Yet ours ſhall be more noble peeres:
For I avouch ſince I began,
Under a colour all was done.
Then let us mix the White and Red,
And both ſhall make a beauteous head.

1.

We mind our heads man all this time
And beat them both about this rime;
And I confeſſe what gave offence
Was but a haires difference.
And that went too as I dare ſweare
In both of us againſt the haire;
Then joyntly now for what is ſaid
Lets crave a pardon from our head.

Son-

SONNET.

SHall I think becauſe ſome clouds
The beauty of my Miſtriſs ſhrouds,
To look after another Star?
Thoſe to *Cynthia* ſervants are;
May the ſtars when I doe ſue,
In their anger ſhoot me through;
Shall I ſhrink at ſtormes of rain,
Or be driven back again,
Or ignoble like a worm,
Be a ſlave unto a ſtorm?
Pity he ſhould ever taſt
The Spring that feareth Winters blaſt;
Fortune, and Malice then combine,
Spight of either I am thine;
And to be ſure keep thou my heart,
And let them wound my worſer part,
Which could they kill, yet ſhould I bee
Alive again, when pleaſeth thee.

On the Flower-de-luce in Oxford.

A Stranger coming to the town,
Went to the *Flower-de-luce*,
A place that seem'd in outward shew
For honest men to use;

And finding all things common there,
That tended to delight,
By chance upon the French disease
It was his hap to light.

And left that other men should fare
As he had done before,
As he went forth he wrote this down
Upon the utmost doore.

All you that hither chance to come,
Mark well ere you be in,
The *Frenchmens* arms are signs without
Of *Frenchmens* harms within.

ALDOBRANDINO, a fat Cardinal.

NEver was humane ſoule ſo overgrown,
With an unreaſonable Cargazon
Of fleſh, as *Aldobrandine*, whom to pack,
No girdle ſerv'd leſſe than the zodiack:
So thick a Giant, that he now was come
To be accounted an eighth hill in *Rome*,
And as the learn'd *Toſtatus* kept his age,
Writing for every day he liv'd a page;
So he no leſſe voluminous then that
Added each day a leaf, but 'twas of fat.
The choiceſt beauty that had been devis'd
By Nature, was by her parents ſacrific'd
Up to this Monſter, upon whom to try,
If as increaſe, he could, too, multiply.
Oh how I tremble leſt the tender maid
Should dye like a young infant over-laid!
For when this Chaos would pretend to move
And arch his back for the ſtrong act of Love,
He fals as ſoon orethrown with his own weight,
And with his ruines doth the Princeſſe fright.
She (lovely Martyr) there lyes ſtew'd and preſt,
Like fleſh under the tarr'd ſaddle dreſt,
And ſeemes to thoſe that look on them in bed,
Larded with him, rather then married.

Oft did he cry, but ſtill in vain to force
His fatneſſe powerfuller then a divorce:
No herbs, no midwives profit here, nor can
Of his great belly free the teeming man.
What though he drink the vinegars moſt fine,
They do not waſt his fleſhy Apennine;
His paunch like ſome huge Iſtmos runs between
The amarous Seas, and lets them not be ſeen;
Yet a new *Dedalus* invented how
This Bull with his Paſiphae might plow.

Have you thoſe artificial torments known,
With which long ſunken Galeos are thrown
Again on Sea, or the dead Galia
Was rais'd that once behinde St. *Peters* lay:
By the ſame rules he this ſame engine made,
With ſilken cords in nimble pullies laid;
And when his Genius prompteth his ſlow part
To works of Nature, which he helps with Art:
Firſt he intangles in thoſe woven bands,
His groveling weight, and ready to commands,
The ſworn Prinadas of his bed, the Aids
Of Loves Camp, neceſſary Chambermaids;
Each runs to her known tackling, hafts to hoyſe,
And in juſt diſtance of the urging voyce,
Exhorts the labour till he ſmiling riſe
To the beds roof, and wonders how he flies.

Thence as the eager Falcon having ſpy'd
Fowl at the brook, or by the Rivers ſide,
Hangs in the middle Region of the aire,
So hovers he, and plains above his faire:

Bleſt

Bleſt *Icarus* firſt melted at thoſe beames,
That he might after fall into thoſe ſtreames,
And there allaying his delicious flame,
In that ſweet Ocean propogate his name.
Unable longer to delay, he calls
To be let down, and in ſhort meaſure falls
Toward his Miſtreſſe, that without her ſmock
Lies naked as *Andromeda* at the Rock, (ſtrike
And through the Skies ſee her wing'd *Perſeus*
Though for his bulk, more that ſea-monſter like.
Mean time the Nurſe, who as the moſt diſcreet,
Stood governing the motions at the feet,
And ballanc'd his deſcent, leſt that amiſſe
He fell too faſt, or that way more than this;
Steeres the Prow of the penſile Galleaſſe,
Right on Loves Harbour the Nymph lets him
Over the Chains, & 'tween the double Fort (paſs
Of her incaſtled knees, which guard the Port.
The Burs as ſhe had learnt ſtill diligent,
Now girt him backwards, now him forwards bent;
Like thoſe that levell'd in tough Cordage, teach
The murall Ram, and guide it to the Breach.

Jack of Lent's Ballat.

1.

LIſt you Nobles, and attend,
For here's a Ballat newly penn'd
I took it up in *Kent*,
If any ask who made the ſame,
To him I ſay the authors name
Is honeſt *Jack of Lent.*

2.

But ere I farther paſſe along,
Or let you know more of my Song,
I wiſh the doores were lockt,
For if there be ſo baſe a Groom,
As one informes me in this room,
The Fidlers may be knockt.

3.

Tis true, he had, I dare proteſt,
No kind of malice in his breſt,
But Knaves are dangerous things;
And they of late are grown ſo bold,
They dare appeare in cloth of Gold,
Even in the roomes of Kings.

4.

But hit or misse I will declare
The speeches at London and elsewhere,
Concerning this design,
Amongst the Drunkards it is said,
They hope her dowry shall be paid
In nought but Clarret wine.

5.

The Country Clowns when they repaire
Either to Market or to Faire,
No sooner get their pots,
But straight they swear the time is come
That England must be over-run
Betwixt the French and Scots.

6.

The Puritans that never fayle
'Gainst Kings and Magistrates to rayle,
With impudence aver,
That verily, and in good sooth,
Some Antichrist, or pretty youth,
Shall doubtlesse get of her.

7.

A holy Sister having hemm'd,
And blown her nose, will say she dream'd,
Or else a Spirit told her,
That they and all these holy seed,
To Amsterdam must go to breed,
Ere they were twelve months older.

8.

And might but *Jack Alent* adviſe,
Thoſe dreams of theirs ſhould not prove lies,
For as he greatly feares,
They will be prating night and day,
Till verily, by yea, and nay,
They ſet's together by th'ears.

9.

The Romiſh Catholiques proclaim,
That *Gundemore*, though he be lame,
Yet can he do ſome tricks;
At *Paris*, he the King ſhall ſhow
A pre-contract made, as I know,
Five hundred twenty ſix.

10.

But ſure the State of *France* is wiſe,
And knowes that *Spain* vents nought but lies,
For ſuch is their Religion;
The Jeſuits can with eaſe diſgorge
From that their damn'd and helliſh forge,
Foule falſhood by the Legion.

11.

But be it ſo, we will admit,
The State of *Spain* hath no more wit,
Then to invent ſuch tales,
Yet as great *Alexander* drew,
And cut the Gorgon knot in two,
So ſhall the Prince of *Wales*.

The

12.

The reverend Biſhops whiſper too,
That now they ſhall have much adoe
With Friers and with Monks,
And eke their wives do greatly feare
Thoſe bald pate knaves will mak't appeare
They are Canonical punks.

13.

At *Cambridge* and at *Oxford* eke,
They of this match like Schollers ſpeak
By figures and by tropes,
But as for the Supremacy,
The Body may King *James*'s be,
But ſure the Head's the *Pope*'s.

14.

A Puritan ſtept up and cries,
That he the major part denies,
And though he Logick ſcorns,
Yet he by revelation knows
The Pope no part o'th' head-piece ows
Except it be the horns.

15.

The learned in Aſtrologie,
That wander up and down the ſky,
And their diſcourſe with ſtars,
Foreſee that ſome of this brave rout
That now goes faire and ſoundly out,
Shall back return with ſcars.

16.

Profeſſors of Aſtronomy,
That all the world knows, dare not lie
With the Mathematicians,
Prognoſticate this Somer ſhall
Bring with the pox the Devil and all,
To Surgeons and Phyſitians.

17.

The Civil Lawyer laughs in's ſleeve,
For he doth verily believe
That after all theſe ſports,
The Citzens will horn and grow,
And their ill-gotten goods will throw
About their bawdy Courts.

18.

And thoſe that do *Apollo* court,
And with the wanton Muſes ſport,
Believe the time is come,
That Gallants will themſelves addreſſe
To Maſques & Playes, & Wantonneſſe,
More than to fife and drum.

19.

Such as in muſique ſpend their dayes,
And ſtudy Songs and Roundelayes,
Begin to cleare their throats,
For by ſome ſignes they do preſage,
That this will prove a fidling age
Fit for men of their coats.

20.

But leaving Colleges and Schools,
To all thoſe Clerks and learned Fools,
Lets through the city range,
For there are Sconces made of Horn,
Foreſee things long ere they be born,
Which you'l perhaps think ſtrange.

21.

The Major and Aldermen being met,
And at a Cuſtard cloſely ſet
Each in their rank and order,
The Major a queſtion doth propound,
And that unanſwer'd muſt go round,
Till it comes to th' Recorder.

22.

For he's the City's Oracle,
And which you'l think a Miracle,
He hath their brains in keeping,
For when a Cauſe ſhould be decreed,
He cries the bench are all agreed,
When moſt of them are ſleeping.

23.

A Sheriff at lower end o'th' board
Cries Maſters all hear me a word,
A bolt Ile onely ſhoot,
We ſhall have Executions ſtore
Againſt ſome gallants now gone o're,
Wherefore good brethren look to't.

The

24.

The raſcall Sergeants fleering ſtand,
Wiſhing their Charter reacht the Strand,
That they might there intrude;
But ſince they are not yet content,
I wiſh that it to Tyburn went,
So they might there conclude.

25.

An Alderman both grave and wiſe
Cries brethren all let me adviſe,
Whilſt wit is to be had,
That like good husbands we provide
Some ſpeeches for the Lady bride,
Before all men go mad.

26.

For by my faith if we may gueſſe
Of greater miſchiefs by the leſſe,
I pray let this ſuffice,
If we but on mens backs do look,
And look into each tradeſmans book
You'l ſwear few men are wiſe.

27.

Some thred-bare Poet we will preſſe,
And for that day we will him dreſſe,
At leaſt in beaten Sattin,
And he ſhall tell her from this bench,
That though we underſtand no French,
At *Pauls* ſhe may hear Lattin,

But

28.

But on this point they all demurre,
And each takes counſell of his furre
That ſmells of Fox and Cony,
At laſt a Mayor in high diſdain,
Swears he much ſcorns that in his reign
Wit ſhould be bought for mony.

29.

For by this Sack I mean to drink,
I would not have my Soveraign think
for twenty thouſand Crownes,
That I his Lord Lieutenant here,
And you my brethren ſhould appear
Such errant witleſſe Clownes.

30.

No, no, I have it in my head,
Deviſes that ſhall ſtrike it dead,
And make proud *Paris* ſay
That little *London* hath a Mayor
Can entertain their Lady faire,
As well as ere did they.

31

S. *Georges* Church ſhall be the place
Where firſt I mean to meet her grace,
And there St. *George* ſhall be
Mounted upon a dapple gray,
And gaping wide ſhall ſeem to ſay,
Welcome St. *Dennis* to me.

From

32.

From thence in order two by two
As we to *Pauls* are us'd to goe,
To th' Bridge we will convey her,
And there upon the top o'th' gate,
Where now ſtands many a Raſcal's pate,
I mean to place a player.

33.

And to the Princeſſe he ſhall cry,
May't pleaſe your Grace caſt up your eye
And ſee theſe heads of Traytors;
Thus will the city ſerve all thoſe
That to your Highneſſe ſhall prove foes,
For they to Knaves are haters.

34.

Down Fiſhſtreet hill a Whale ſhall ſhoot,
And meet her at the Bridges foot,
And forth of his mouth ſo wide a
Shall *Jonas* peep, and ſay, for fiſh,
As good as your ſweet-heart can wiſh,
You ſhall have hence each Friday.

35.

At Grace-church corner there ſhall ſtand
A troop of Graces hand in hand,
And they to her ſhall ſay,
Your Grace of *France* is welcome hither,
'Tis merry when Graces meet together,
I pray keep on your way.

36.

At the Exchange ſhall placed be,
In ugly ſhapes thoſe ſiſters three
That give to each their fate,
And *Spaine's Infanta* ſhall ſtand by
Wringing their hands, and thus ſhall cry,
I do repent too late.

37.

There we a paire of gloves will give,
And pray her Highneſſe long may live
On her white hands to wear them;
And though they have a *Spaniſh* ſcent,
The givers have no ill intent,
Wherefore ſhe need not feare them.

38.

Nor ſhall the Conduits now run Claret,
Perhaps the *Frenchman* cares not for it,
They have at home ſo much,
No, I will make the boy to piſſe
No worſe then pureſt Hypocris,
Her Grace ne're taſted ſuch.

39.

About the Standard I think fit
Your wives, my brethren, all ſhould ſit,
And eke our Lady Mayris,
Who ſhall preſent a cup of gold,
And ſay if we might be ſo bold,
We'l drink to all in *Paris*.

In

40.

In *Pauls* Church-yard we breath may take,
For they ſuch huge long ſpeeches make,
Would tire any horſe;
But there Ile put her grace in minde,
To caſt her Princely head behind
And view S. *Paul's* Croſſe.

41.

Our Sergeants they ſhall go their way,
And for us at the Devil ſtay,
I mean at Temple-barre,
And there of her we leave will take,
And ſay 'twas for King *Charls* his ſake
We went with her ſo farre.

42.

But fearing I have tir'd the eares,
Both of the Duke and all theſe Peeres,
Ile be no more uncivill,
Ile leave the Mayor with both the Sheriffs,
With Sergeants, hanging at their ſleeves,
For this time at the Devill.

A SONG.

A Story ſtrange I will you tell,
But not ſo ſtrange as true,
Of a woman that danc'd upon the ropes,
And ſo did her husband too.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
Some ſay 'twas a man, but it was a woman
As plain report may ſee.

She firſt climb'd up the Ladder
For to deceive mens hopes,
And with a long thing in her hand
She tickled it on the ropes.
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee,
And to her came Knights and Gentlemen
Of low and high degree.

She jerk'd them backward and foreward
With a long thing in her hand,
And all the people that were in the yard,
She made them for to ſtand.
With a dildo, &c.

They

They caſt up ſleering eyes
All under-neath her cloaths,
But they could ſee no thing,
For ſhe wore linnen hoſe.
With a dildo, &c.

The Cuckold her husband caper'd
When his head in the ſack was in,
But grant that we may never fall
When we dance in the ſack of ſin.
With a dildo, &c.

And as they ever danc't
In faire or rainy weather,
I wiſh they may be hang'd i' th' rope of Love,
And ſo be cut down together.
With a dildo, &c.

Upon

Upon a Houſe of Office over a River, ſet on fire by a Coale of TOBACCO.

OH fire, fire, fire, where?
The uſefull houſe or'e Water cleare,
The moſt convenient in a ſhire,
Which no body can deny.

The houſe of Office that old true blue
Sir-reverence ſo many knew
You now may ſee turn'd fine new.
Which no body, &c.

And to our great aſtoniſhment
Though burnt, yet ſtands to repreſent
Both mourner and the monument,
Which no body, &c.

Ben Johnſon's Vulcan would doe well,
Or the merry Blades who knacks did tell,
At firing *London Bridge* befell.
Which no body, &c.

They'l ſay if I of thee ſhould chant,
The matter ſmells, now out upon't;
But they ſhall have a fit of fie on't.
Which no body, &c.

And why not ſay a word or two
Of ſhe that's juſt? witneſſe all who
Have ever been at thy Ho go,* * haut goaſt.
Which no body, &c.

Earth, Aire and Water, ſhe could not
Affront, till chollerick fire got
Predominant, then thou grew'ſt hot,
Which no body, &c.

The preſent cauſe of all our wo,
But from Tobacco aſhes, oh!
'Twas ſhitten luck to periſh ſo,
Which no body, &c.

'Tis fatall to be built on lakes,
As Sodom's fall example makes;
But pity to the innocent jakes,
Which no body, &c.

Whoſe genius if I hit aright,
May be conceived Hermophrodite,
To both ſex common when they ſh---
Which no body, &c.

Of ſeverall uſes it hath ſtore,
As Midwifes ſome do it implore,
But the iſſue comes at Poſtern door.
Which no body, &c.

Retired mortalls out of feare,
Privily, even to a haire,
Did often do their buſineſſe there,
Which no body, &c.

For mens and womens ſecrets fit
No tale-teller, though privy to it,
And yet they went to't without feare or wit,
Which no body, &c.

A Privy Chamber or priſon'd roome,
And all that ever therein come
Uncover muſt, or bide the doome,
Which no body, &c.

A Cabinet for richeſt geare
The choiceſt of the Ladys ware,
And pretious ſtones full many there.
Which no body, &c.

And where in State ſits noble duck,
Many eſteem that uſe of nock,
The higheſt pleaſure next to oc--
Which no body, &c.

And yet the hoſe there down did goe,
The yeilding ſmock came up alſo,
But ſtill no Bawdy houſe I trow,
Which no body, &c.

There niceſt maid with naked rump,
When ſtraining hard had made her mump,
Did ſit at eaſe and heare it plump,
Which no body, &c.

Like the Dutch Skipper now may skit,
When in his ſleeve he did do it,
She may skit free, but now plimp niet,
Which no body, &c.

Thoſe female folk that there did haunt,
To make their filled bellies gaunt,
And with that ſame the brook did launt,
Which no body, &c.

Are driven now to do't on graſſe,
And make a ſallet for their A---
The world is come to a ſweet paſſe,
Which no body, &c.

Now farewell friend we held ſo deare,
Althongh thou help'ſt away with our cheare,
An open houſe-keeper all the yeare,
Which no body, &c.

The

The Phœnix in her perfumed flame,
Was ſo conſum'd, and thou the ſame,
But the Aromaticks were too blame,
Which no body, &c.

That Phœnix is but one thing twice,
Thy Patron nobler then may riſe,
For who can tell what he'l deviſe?
Which no body, &c.

Diana's Temple was not free,
Nor that world *Rome*, her Majeſty
Smelt of the ſmoke, as well as thee,
VVhich no body, &c.

And learned Clerks whom we adm're,
Do ſay the world ſhall ſo expire,
Then when you ſh-- remember fire.
VVhich no body, &c.

Beware of fire when you ſcumber,
Though to ſh-- fire were a wonder,
Yet lightning oft ſucceeds the thunder,
VVhich no body, &c.

We muſt ſubmit to what fate ſends,
'Tis wholſome counſel to our friends,
Take heed of ſmoking at both ends,
VVhich no body can deny.

Upon the Spaniſh Invaſion in Eighty eight.

1.

IN *Eighty eight*, ere I was born,
As I do well remember a,
In *Auguſt* was a Fleet prepar'd,
The month before *September* a.

2.

Liſbone, *Cales* and *Portugall*,
Toledo and *Granada*;
They all did meet, & made a Fleet,
And call'd it their *Armada*.

3.

There dwelt a little man in *Spain*
That ſhot well in a gun a;
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4.

King *Philip* made him Admirall,
And charg'd him not to ſtay a,
But to deſtroy both man and boy,
And then to come his way a.

5.

He had thirty thouſand of his own,
But to do us more harm a,
He charg'd him not to fight alone,
But to joyn with the Prince of *Parma.*

6.

They ſay they brought proviſion much
As Biskets, Beans and Bacon,
Beſides, two ſhips were laden with whips,
But I think they were miſtaken.

7.

When they had ſailed all along,
And anchored before *Dover,*
The Engliſh men did board them then,
And heav'd the Raſcalls over.

8.

The queen ſhe was at *Tilbury,*
What could you more deſire a?
For whoſe ſweet ſake Sir *Francis Drake*
Did ſet the ſhips on fire a.

9.

Then let them neither brag nor boaſt,
For if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not ſpeed
As they did they know when a.

Upon the Gun-powder Plot.

1. (good?

AND will this wicked world never prove
Will Prieſts and Catholiques never prove
Shall *Cateſby*, *Piercy* and *Rookwood* (true?
Make all this famous Land to rue?
With putting us in ſuch a feare,
With huffing and ſnuffing and guni-powder,
With a Ohone hononoreera tarrareera, tarra-
(*reero hone.*

2.

'Gainſt the fifth of *November*, Tueſday by
Peircy and *Cateſby* a Plot did frame, (name,
Anno one thouſand ſix hundred and five,
In which long time no man alive
Did ever know, or heare the like,
Which to declare my heart growes ſike.
With a O hone, &c.

3.

Under the Parliament-houſe men ſay
Great ſtore of Powder they did lay,
Thirty ſix barrels, as is reported,
With many faggots ill conſorted,
With barres of iron upon them all,
To bring us to a deadly fall.
With a O hone, &c.

And

4.

And then came forth Sir *Thomas Knyvet*,
You filthy Rogue come out o'th' doore,
Or elſe I ſweare by Gods trivet
Ile lay thee flatlong on the floor,
For putting us all in ſuch a feare,
With huffing and ſnuffing, &c.

5.

Then *Faux* out of the Vault was taken
And carried before Sir *Francis Bacon*,
And was examined of the Act,
And ſtoutly did confeſſe the Fact,
And ſwore he would put us in ſuch a feare.
With huffing, &c.

6.

Now ſure it is a miraculous thing,
To ſee how God hath preſerv'd our King,
The Queen, the Prince, and his Siſter dear,
And all the Lords, and every Peere,
And all the Land, and every ſhire,
From huffing, &c.

7.

Now God preſerve the Council wiſe,
That firſt found out this enterpriſe;
Not they, but my Lord *Monteagle*,
His Lady and her little Beagle,
His Ape, his Aſs, and his great Beare.
From huffing and ſnuffing, and gunni-powder.

Other newes I heard moreover,
If all was true that's told to me,
Three Spaniſh ſhips landed at *Dover*,
Where they made great melody,
But the Hollanders drove them here and there,
With huffing, &c.

A CATCH.

DRink boyes, drink boyes, drink and doe not ſpare,
Troule away the bowl, and take no care.
So that we have meat and drink, and money and clothes
What care we, what care we how the world goes.

A pitifull Lamentation.

MY Mother hath ſold away her Cock
And all her brood of Chickins,
And hath bought her a new canvaſſe ſmock
And righted up the Kitchin.
And has brought me a Lockeram bond
With a v'lopping paire of breeches,
Thinking that *Jone* would have lov'd me alone,
But ſhe hath ſerv'd me ſuch yfiches.
Iſe take a rope and drowne my ſelfe,
Ere Iſt indure theſe loſſes:
Ile take a hatchet aud hang my ſelfe
Ere Iſt indure theſe croſſes.
Or elſe Ile goe to ſome beacon high,
Made of ſome good dry'd furzon
And there Ile ſeeme in love to fry
Sing hoodle a doodle Cuddon.

A Woman with Child that desired a Son, which might prove a Preacher.

A Maiden of the *pure Scociety*,
Pray'd with a paſſing piety
That ſince a learned man had o're-reacht her,
The child ſhe went withall ſhould prove Preacher.
The time being come, and all the dangers paſt,
The Goodwife askt the Midwife
What God had ſent at laſt.
Who anſwer'd her half in a laughter,
Quoth ſhe the Son is prov'd a Daughter.
But be content, if God doth bleſſe the Baby,
She has a *Pulpit* where a *Preacher* may be.

The Maid of Tottenham.

1.

AS I went to *Totnam*
Upon a Market-day,
There met I with a faire maid
Cloathed all in gray,
Her journey was to *London*
With Buttermilk and Whay,
To fall down, down, derry down,
down, down, derry down,
derry, derry dina.

2.

God ſpeed faire maid, quoth one,
You are well over-took;
With that ſhe caſt her head aſide,
And gave to him a look.
She was as full of Leachery
As letters in a book.
To fall down, &c.

3.

And as they walk'd together,
Even ſide by ſide,
The young man was aware
That her garter was unty'd,
For feare that ſhe ſhould loſe it,
Aha, alack he cry'd,
Oh your garter that hangs down!
Down, down, derry down, &c.

Quoth

4.

Quoth ſhe, I do intreat you
For to take the pain
To do ſo much for me,
As to tye it up again.
That will I do ſweet-heart, quoth he,
When I come on yonder plain.
With a down, down, derry down, &c.

5.

And when they came upon the plain
Upon a pleaſant green,
The fair maid ſpread her leggs abroad,
The young man fell between,
Such tying of a Garter
I think was never ſeen.
To fall down, &c.

6.

When they had done their buſineſſe,
And quickly done the deed,
He gave her kiſſes plenty,
And took her up with ſpeed.
But what they did I know not,
But they were both agreed
To fall down together, down
Down, down, derry down,
Down, down, derry dina.

7.

She made to him low curtſies
And thankt him for his paine,
The young man is to High-gate gone
The maid to *London* came
To ſell off her commodity
She thought it for no ſhame.
To fall downe, &c.

8.

When ſhe had done her market,
And all her money told
To think upon the matter
It made her heart full cold
But that which will away, quoth ſhe,
Is very hard to hold.
To fall down, &c.

9.

This tying of the Garter
Coſt her her Maidenhead,
Quoth ſhe it is no matter,
It ſtood me in ſmall ſtead,
But often times it troubled me
As I lay in my bed.
To fall down, &c.

To the King on New-yeares day, 1638.

THis day inlarges every narrow mind,
Makes the Poor bounteous, and the Miſer kind;
Poets that have not wealth in wiſht exceſſe,
I hope may give like Prieſts, which is to bleſſe.
And ſure in elder times the Poets were
Thoſe Prieſts that told men how to hope and feare,
Though they moſt ſenſually did write and live,
Yet taught thoſe bleſſings, which the Gods did give.
But you (my King) have purify'd our flame,
Made wit our vertue which was once our ſhame;
For by your own quick fires you made ours laſt,
Reform'd our numbers till our ſongs grew chaſt.
Farre more then fam'd *Auguſtus* ere could doe
With's wiſdome, (though it long continued too)
You have perform'd even in your Moon of age;
Refin'd to Lectures, Playes, to Schooles a ſtage.
Such vertue got why is your Poet leſſe
A Prieſt then his who had a power to bleſſe?

So

So hopefull is my rage that I begin
To ſhew that feare which ſtrives to keep it in:
And what was meant a bleſſing ſoars ſo high
That it is now become a Propheſie.
Your ſelfe(our *Planet* which renewes our year)
Shall ſo inlighten all, and every where,
That through the Miſts of error men ſhall ſpy
In the dark North the way to Loyalty;
Whilſt with your intellectuall beames you ſhow
The knowing what they are that ſeeme to know.
You like our Sacred and indulgent Lord,
When the too-ſtout Apoſtle drew his ſword,
When he miſtooke ſome ſecrets of the cauſe,
And in his furious zeale diſdain'd the Lawes,
Forgetting true Religion doth lye
On prayers, not ſwords againſt authority.
You like our ſubſtitute of horrid fate
That are next him we moſt ſhould imitate,
Shall like to him rebuke with wiſer breath,
Such furious zeale, but not reveng'd with death.
Like him the wound that's giv'n you ſtrait ſhall heal,
Then calm by precept ſuch miſtaking zeal.

In praiſe of a deformed woman.

1.

I Love thee for thy curled haire,
As red as any Fox,
Our forefathers did ſtill commend
The lovely golden locks.
Venus her ſelf might comelier be,
Yet hath no ſuch variety.

2.

I love thee for thy ſquinting eyes,
It breeds no jealouſie,
For when thou do'ſt on others look,
Methinks thou look'ſt on me.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

3.

I love thee for thy copper noſe,
Thy fortune's ne're the worſe,
It ſhewes the mettal in thy face
Thou ſhould'ſt have in thy purſe.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

4.

I love thee for thy Cheſſenut skin,
Thy inſide's white to me,
That colour ſhould be moſt approv'd,
That will leaſt changed be.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

5.

I love thee for thy ſplay mouth,
For on that amarous cloſe
There's room on either ſide to kiſſe,
And ne're offend the noſe.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

6.

I love thee for thy rotten gummes,
In good time it may hap,
When other wives are coſtly fed,
Ile keep thy chaps with pap.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

7.

I love thee for thy blobber lips,
'Tis good thrift I ſuppoſe,
They're dripping-pans unto thy eyes,
And ſave-alls to thy noſe.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

8.

I love thee for thy huncht back,
'Tis bow'd although not broken,
For I believe the Gods did ſend
Me to thee for a Token.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

9.

I love thee for thy pudding waſt,
If a Taylor thou do'ſt lack,
Thou need'ſt not ſend to *France* for one,
Ile fit thee with a ſack.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

10.

I love thee for thy luſty thighes,
For treſſels thou maiſt boaſt,
Sweet-heart thou haſt a water-mill,
And theſe are the mill-poſts.
Venus her ſelf, &c.

10.

I love thee for thy ſplay feet,
They're fooles that thee deride,
Women are alwaies moſt eſteem'd,
When their feet are moſt wide.
Venus her ſelf may comelier be, &c.

On a TINKER.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker, a Tinker will be,
Let him leave other Loves, and come follow me.
Though he travells all the day,
Yet he comes home ſtill at night,
And dallies, dallies with his Doxie,
And dreames of delight.
His pot and his toſt in the morning he takes,
And all the day long good muſick he makes;
He wanders up and down to Wakes & to Fairs,
He caſts his cap, and caſts his cap at the Court and its cares;
And when to the town the Tinker doth come,
Oh, how the wanton wenches run,
Some bring him baſons, and ſome bring him bowles,
All maids deſire him to ſtop up their holes.
Prinkum Prankum is a fine dance, ſtrong Ale is good in the winter,
And he that thrumms a wench upon a braſs pot,
The child may prove a Tinker.
With tink goes the hammer, the skellit and the ſcummer,
Come bring me thy copper kettle,
For the Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker,
Oh he's the man of mettle.

Upon

Upon his Miſtris's black Eye-browes.

HIde, oh hide thoſe lovely Browes,
Cupid takes them for his bowes,
And from thence with winged dart
He lies pelting at my heart,
Nay, unheard-of wounds doth give,
Wounded in the heart I live;
From their colour I deſcry,
Loves bowes are made of Ebony;
Or their Sable ſeemes to ſay
They mourn for thoſe their glances ſlay;
Or their blackneſſe doth ariſe
From the Sun-beams of your eyes,
Where *Apollo* ſeemes to ſit,
As he's God of Day, and Wit;
Your piercing Rayes, ſo bright, and cleare,
Shewes his beamy Chariots there.
Then the black upon your brow,
Sayeſt wiſdomes ſable hue,
Tells to every obvious eye,
There's his other Deity.
This too ſhewes him deeply wiſe,
To dwell there he left the skies;

So pure a black could *Phœbus* burn,
He himſelf would *Negro* turn,
And for ſuch a dreſſe would ſlight
His gorgeous attire of light;
Eclipſes he would count a bliſſe,
Were there ſuch a black as this:
Were Night's dusky mantle made
Of ſo glorious a ſhade,
The ruffling day ſhe would out-vie
In coſtly dreſſe, and gallantry:
Were Hell's darkneſſe ſuch a black,
For it the Saints would Heaven forſake;
So pure a black, that white from hence
Loſes its name of innocence;
And the moſt ſpotleſſe Ivory is
A very ſtain and blot to this:
So pure a black, that hence I gueſſe,
Black firſt became a holy dreſſe.
The Gods foreſeeing this, did make
Their Prieſts array themſelves in Black.

To my Lady of Carnarvon, January 1.

IDol of our Sex! Envy of thine own!
Whom not t'have ſeen, is never to have known,
What eyes are good for; to have ſeen, not lov'd,
Is to be more, or leſſe then man, unmov'd;
Deigne to accept, what I i'th' name of all
Thy ſervants pay to this dayes Feſtival,
Thanks for the old yeare, prayers for the new,
So may thy many dayes to come ſeeme few,
So may freſh ſprings in thy blew rivolets flow,
To make thy roſes, and thy lillies grow.
So may all dreſſings ſtill become thy face,
As if they grew there, or ſtole thence their grace:
So may thy bright eyes comfort with their rayes
Th' humble, and dazle thoſe that boldly gaze:
So may thy ſprightly motion, beauties beſt part,
Shew there is ſtock enough of life at heart.
So may thy warm ſnow never grow more cold,
So may they live to be, but not ſeem old.
So may thy Lord pay all, yet reſt thy debtor,
And love no other, till he ſees a better:

So may the new year crown the old yeares joy,
By giving us a Girle unto our Boy;
I'th' one the Fathers wit, and in the other
Let us admire the beauty of the Mother,
That ſo we may their ſeverall pictures ſee,
Which now in one fair Medall joyned be:
Till then grow thus together, and howe're (here;
You grow old in your ſelves, grow ſtil young
And let him, though he may reſemble either,
Seem to be both in one, and ſingly neither.
Let Ladies wagers lay, whoſe chin is this, (kiſs
Whoſe forehead that, whoſe lip, whoſe eye, then
Away the difference, whilſt he ſmiling lies,
To ſee his own ſhape dance in both your eyes.
Sweet Babe! my prayer ſhall end with thee,
(Oh may it prove a Prophecy!)
May all the channells in thy veynes
Expreſſe the ſeverall noble ſtraines,
From whence they flow; ſweet *Sydney*'s wit,
But not the ſad, ſweet fate of it;
The laſt great *Pembroke*'s learning, ſage
Burleigh's both wiſdome and his age;
Thy Grandſires honeſt heart expreſſe
The *Veres* untainted nobleneſſe.
To theſe (if any thing there lacks)
Adde *Dormer* too, and *Molenax*.
Laſtly, if for thee I can woo
Gods, and thy Godfathers grace too,
Together with thy Fathers Thrift:
Be thou thy Mothers New-years-gift.

The Weſtern Husband-man's Complaint in the late Wars.

UDs bodykins! Chill work no more:
Doſt think chill labour to be poor?
No ich have more a do:
If of the world this be the trade,
That ich muſt break zo knaves be made,
Ich will a blundering too.

Chill zel my cart and eke my plow,
And get a zword if ich know how,
For ich mean to be right:
Chill learn to zwear, and drink, and roar,
And (Gallant leek) chill keep a whore,
No matter who can vight.

God bleſſe us! What a world is here,
It can ne're laſt another year,
Vor ich can't be able to zoe:
Doſt think that ever chad the art,
To plow the ground up with my cart,
My beaſts be all a go.

But

But vurſt a Warrant ich will get
From Maſter Captaine, that a vet
Chill make a ſhrewd a do:
Vor then chave power in any place,
To ſteal a Horſe without diſgrace,
And beat the owner too.

Ich had zix oxen tother day,
And them the Roundheads vetcht away,
A miſchiefe be their ſpeed:
And chad zix horſes left me whole,
And them the Cabbaleroes ſtole:
Chee voor men be agreed.

Here ich doe labour, toyl and zweat,
And dure the cold, with dry and hear,
And what doſt think ich get?
Vaith juſt my labour vor my pains,
The garriſons have all the gains,
Vor thither all's avet.

There goes my corne and beanes, and peaſe,
Ich doe not dare them to diſpleaſe,
They doe zo zwear and vapour:
When to the Governour ich doe come,
And pray him to diſcharge my zum,
Chave nothing but a paper.

U'ds nigs doſt think that paper will
Keep warme my back and belly fill?
No, no, goe vange thy note:
If that another year my vield
No profit doe unto me yeild,
Ich may goe cut my throat.

When any money chove in ſtore,
Then ſtraight a warrant comes therefore,
Or ich muſt blundred be:
And when chave ſhuffled out one pay,
Then comes another without delay,
Was ever the leek azee?

If all this be not grief enow,
They have a thing cald quarter too,
O'ts a vengeance waſter:
A pox upon't they call it vree,
Cham zure they make us zlaves to be,
And every rogue our maſter.

The

The High-way mans Song.

I Keep my Horſe, I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poore,
I traverſe all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot;
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
I do at mid-night often dine;
And if my whore be not in caſe,
My Hoſteſs daughter has her place.
The maids ſit up, and watch their turnes,
If I ſtay long the Tapſter mourns;
The Cook-maid has no mind to ſin,
Though tempted by the Chamberlin;
But when I knock, O how they buſtle;
The hoſtler yawns, the geldings juſtle;
If maid be ſleep, oh how they curſe her!
And all this comes of, *Deliver your purſe ſir.*

Againſt

Againſt Fruition, &c.

THere is not half ſo warme a fire
In the Fruition, as Deſire.
When I have got the fruit of pain,
Poſſeſſion makes me poore again,
Expected formes and ſhapes unknown,
Whet and make ſharp tentation;
Senſe is too niggardly for Bliſs,
And payes me dully with what is;
But fancy's liberall, and gives all
That can within her vaſtneſſe fall;
Vaile therefore ſtill, while I divine
The Treaſure of this hidden Mine,
And make Imagination tell
What wonders doth in Beauty dwell.

Upon

Upon Mr. Fullers *Booke, called* Piſgah-ſight.

FUller of wiſh, than hope, methinks it is;
For me to expect a fuller work than this,
Fuller of matter, fuller of rich ſenſe,
Fuller of Art fuller of Eloquence;
Yet dare I not be bold, to intitle this
The fulleſt work; the Author fuller is,
Who, though he empty not himſelf, can fill
Another fuller, yet continue ſtill
Fuller himſelf, and ſo the Reader be
Alwayes in hope a fuller work to ſee.

On

Joviall Drollery p: 15

On a Sheepherd that died for Love.

1.

Cloris, now thou art fled away,
Aminta's Sheep are gone astray,
And all the joyes he took to see
His pretty Lambs run after thee.
Shee's gone, shee's gone, and he alway,
Sings nothing now but welladay.

2.

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise,
Was wont to play such roundelayes,
Is thrown away, and not a Swaine
Dares pipe or sing within this Plaine.
'Tis death for any now to say
One word to him, but welladay.

3.

The May-pole where thy little feet
So roundly did in measure meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Came near *Amintas* since you went.
All that ere I heard him say,
Was Cloris, Cloris, *welladay.*

Upon

4.

Upon thoſe banks you us'd to tread,
He ever ſince hath laid his head,
And whiſper'd there ſuch pining wo,
That not one blade of graſſe will grow.
Oh Cloris, Cloris, *come away*,
And hear Aminta's *welladay*.

5.

The embroyder'd ſcrip he us'd to weare
Neglected hangs, ſo does his haire.
His Crook is broke, Dog pining lyes,
And he himſelf nought doth but cryes,
Oh Cloris, Cloris, *come away*,
And hear, &c.

6.

His gray coat, and his ſlops of green,
When worn by him, were comely ſeen,
His tar-box too is thrown away,
There's no delight neer him muſt ſtay,
But cries, *oh* Cloris *come away*,
Aminta's *dying*, *welladay*.

The Shepheards lamentation for the losse of his Love.

1.

DOwn lay the Shepheards Swain,
So sober and demure,
Wishing for his wench again,
So bonny and so pure.
With his head on hillock low,
And his armes on kembow; (no.
And all for the losse of her Hy nonny nonny

2.

His teares fell as thin,
As water from a Still,
His haire upon his chin,
Grew like tyme upon a hill:
His cherry cheeks were pale as snow,
Testifying his mickle woe; (no.
And all was for the loss of her hy nonny nonny

3.

Sweet she was, as fond of love,
As ever fettred Swaine;
Never such a bonny one
Shall I enjoy again.
See ten thousand on a row,
Ile forbid that any show
Ever the like of her, hy nonny nonny no.

4.

Fac'd she was of Filbard hew,
And bosom'd like a Swanne:
Back't she was of bended yew,
And wasted by a span.
Haire she had as black as Crow,
From the head unto the toe,
Down down all over, hy nonny nonny no.

5.

With her Mantle tuckt up high,
She soddered her Flocke,
So buckesome and alluringly,
Her knee upheld her smock;
So nimbly did she use to goe,
So smooth she danc'd on tip-toe,
That all men were fond of her, hy nonny nonny no.

6.

She ſimpred like a Holy-day,
And ſmiled like a Spring,
She pratled like a Popinjay,
And like a Swallow ſing.
She tript it like a barren Doe,
And ſtrutted like a Gar-crowe:
Which made me ſo fond of her, hy, &c.

7.

To trip it on the merry Down,
To dance the lively Hay,
To wraſtle for a green Gown,
In heat of all the day,
Never would ſhe ſay me no.
Yet me thought ſhe had though
Never enough of her, hy, &c.

8.

But gone ſhe is the blitheſt Laſſe
That ever trod on Plain,
What ever hath betided her,
Blame not the Shepheard Swain.
For why, ſhe was her own foe,
And gave her ſelfe the overthrowe,
By being too franke of her hy nonny nonny no.

A Ballad on Queen Elizabeth; to the tune of *Sallengers round.*

I Tell you all both great and ſmall,
And I tell you it truely,
That we have a very great cauſe,
Both to lament and crie,
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Oh fie on cruell death;
For he hath taken away from us
Our Queen *Elizabeth.*

He might have taken other folk,
That better might have been miſt,
And let our gratious Queen alone,
That lov'd not a Popiſh Prieſt.
She rul'd this Land alone of her ſelf,
And was beholding to no man.
She bare the waight of all affaires,
And yet ſhe was but a woman.

A woman ſaid I? nay that is more
Nor any man can tell,
So chaſte ſhe was, ſo pure ſhe was,
That no man knew it well.

For whilſt that ſhe liv'd till cruel death
Expoſed her to all.
Wherefore I ſay lament, lament,
Lament both great and ſmall.

She never did any wicked thing,
Might make her conſcience prick her,
And ſcorn'd for to ſubmit her ſelf to him
That calls himſelf Chriſts Vicker:
But rather choſe couragiouſly
To fight under Chriſts Banner,
Gainſt Turk and Pope, I and King of *Spain*,
And all that durſt withſtand her.

She was as Chaſte and Beautifull,
And Faire as ere was any;
And had from forain Countreys ſent
Her Suters very many.
Though *Mounſieur* came himſelf from *France*,
A purpoſe for to woe her,
Yet ſtill ſhe liv'd and dy'd a Maid,
Doe what they could unto her.

And if that I had *Argus* eyes,
They were too few to weep,
For our ſweet Queen *Elizabeth*,
Who now doth lye aſleep:
Aſleep I ſay ſhe now doth lye,
Untill the day of Doome:
But then ſhall awake unto the diſgrace
Of the proud Pope of *Rome*.

A Ballad on King James; to the tune of When Arthur first in Court began.

WHen *James* in *Scotland* firſt began,
And there was crowned King,
He was not much more then a ſpan,
All in his clouts ſwadling.

But when he waxed into yeares,
And grew to be ſomewhat tall,
And told his Lords, a Parliament
He purpoſed to call.

That's over-much quoth *Douglas* though,
For thee to doe I feare,
For I am Lord Protector yet,
And will be one halfe yeare.

It pleaſeth me well, quoth the King,
What thou haſt ſaid to me,
But ſince thou ſtandeſt on ſuch tearmes,
Ile prove as ſtrict to thee.

And well he rul'd and well he curb'd
Both *Douglas* and the reſt;
Till Heaven with better Fortune and Power,
Had him to *England* bleſt. Then

Then into *England* ſtraight he came
As faſt as he was able,
Where he made many a Carpet Knight,
Though none of the Round Table.

And when he entered *Barwicke* Town,
Where all in peace he found:
But when that roaring Megge went off,
His Grace was like to ſwound.

Then up to *London* ſtraight he came,
Where he made no long ſtay,
But ſoon returned back again,
To meet his Queen by th' way.

And when they met, ſuch tilting was,
The like was never ſeen;
The Lords at each others did run,
And neer a tilt between.

Their Horſes backs were under them,
And that was no great wonder,
The wonder was to ſee them run,
And break no Staves in ſunder.

They ran full ſwift and coucht their Speares,
O ho quoth the Ladies then,

They run for ſhew, quoth the people though,
And not to hurt the men.

They ſmote full hard at Barriers too,
You might have heard the ſound,
As farre as any man can goe,
When both his legges are bound.

Upon the death of a Chandler.

THe Chandler grew neer his end,
Pale Death would not ſtand his friend;
But tooke it in foul ſnuff,
As having tarryed long enough:
Yet left this not to be forgotten,
Death and the Chandler could not cotton.

1.

FArre in the Forreſt of *Arden*,
There dwelt a Knight hight *Caſſimen*,
As bold as *Iſenbras*:
Fell he was and eager bent
In battaile and in Turnament,
As was the good Sr. *Topas*.

2.

He had (as Antique ſtories tell)
A daughter cleped *Dowſabell*,
A Maiden faire and free,
Who, cauſe ſhe was her fathers heire,
Full well ſhe was y-tought the leire
Of mickle courteſie.

3.

The Silke well could ſhe twiſt and twine,
And make the fine Marchpine,
And with the needle work.
And ſhe could help the Prieſt to ſay
His Mattins on a Holy-day,
And ſing a Pſalme in Kirk.

Her

4.

Her Frocke was of the frolique Green,
(Mought well become a Mayden Queen)
Which ſeemely was to ſee:
Her Hood to it was neat and fine,
In colour like the Columbine,
y-wrought full featuouſly.

5.

This Maiden in a morne betime,
Went forth when *May* was in her prime,
To get ſweet Scettnall,
The Honyſuckle, the Horelock,
The Lilly, and the Ladies-Smock,
To dight her ſummer Hall.

6.

And as ſhe romed here, and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed brier,
She chanced to eſpie
A Shepheard ſitting on a bank,
Like Chanticleere he crowed crank,
And pip'd with merry glee.

7.

He leerd his Sheep as he him liſt,
When he would whiſtle in his fiſt,
To feed about him round,

Whilſt

Whilſt he full many a Caroll ſung,
That all the fields, and meadowes rung,
And made the woods reſound.

8.

In favour this ſame Shepheard Swaine
Was like the Bedlam Tamerlaine,
That kept proud Kings in awe.
But meek he was as meek mought be,
Yea like the gentle *Abell*, he
Whom his lewd brother ſlew.

9.

This Shepheard ware a freeze-gray Cloake,
The which was of the fineſt locke,
That could be cut with Sheere:
His Aule and Lingell in a Thong,
His Tar-box by a broad belt hung,
His Cap of Minivere.

10.

His Mittens were of Bauſons skin,
His Cockers were of Cordowin,
His Breech of country blew:
All curle, and criſped were his Locks,
His brow more white then *Albion* Rocks:
So like a Lover true,

And

11.

And piping he did ſpend the day,
As merry as a Popinjay,
Which lik'd faire *Dowſabell*,
That wod ſhe ought, or wod ſhe nought,
The Shepheard would not from her thought,
In love ſhe longing ſell:

12.

With that ſhe tucked up her Frock,
(White as the Lilly was her Smock,)
And drew the Shepheard nigh,
But them the Shepheard pip'd a good,
That all his Sheep forſook their food,
To heare his melody.

13.

Thy Sheep (quoth ſhe) cannot be lean,
That have ſo faire a Shepheard Swain,
That can his Pipe ſo well:
I but (quoth he) the Shepheard may,
If Piping thus he pine away,
For love of *Dowſabell*.

14.

Of love (fond boy) take thou no keep,
Look well (quoth ſhe) unto thy Sheep;
Leſt they ſhould chance to ſtray.

So

So had I done (quoth he) full well,
Had I not ſeen faire *Dowſabell*,
Come forth to gather May.

15.

I cannot ſtay (quoth ſhe) till night,
And leave my Summer Hall undight,
And all for love of men.
Yet are you, quoth he, too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find,
To love us now and then.

16.

And I will be to thee as kind,
As *Collin* was to *Roſalinde*,
Of courteſie the flower.
And I will be as true (quoth ſhe)
As ever Lover yet mought be,
Unto her Paramour.

17.

With that the Maiden bent her knee,
Down by the Shepheard kneeled ſhe,
And ſweetly ſhe him kiſt:
But then the Shepheard whoop'd for joy,
(Quoth he) was never Shepheards boy,
That ever was ſo bliſt.

Upon the Scots *being beaten at* Muſcleborough *field.*

ON the twelfth day of *December*,
In the fourth year of King *Edwards* reign
Two mighty Hoſts (as I remember)
At *Muſcleborough* did pitch on a Plain.
For a down, down, derry derry down, Hey down a.
Down, down, down a down derry.

All night our Engliſh men they lodged there,
So did the Scots both ſtout and ſtubborn,
But well-away was all their cheere,
For we have ſerved them in their own turn.
For a downe, &c.
All night they carded for our *Engliſh* mens (Coats,
(They fiſhed before their Nets were ſpun)

A white for Six-pence, a red for two Groats;
Wiſdome would have ſtayd till they had
been won. For a down, &c.

On the tewelfth day all in the morn,
They made a ſere as if they would fight;
But many a proud *Scot* that day was down
born, (flight.
And many a rank Coward was put to his
For a down, &c.

And the Lord *Huntley*, we hadden him there,
With him he brought ten thouſand men:
But God be thanked, we gave him ſuch a
Banquet,
He carryed but few of them home agen.
For a down, &c.

For when he heard our great Guns crack,
Then did his heart fall untill his hoſe,
He threw down his Weapons, he turned his
back,
He ran ſo faſt that he fell on his noſe.
For a down, &c.

We beat them back till *Edenbrough*,
(There's men alive can witneſſe this)

But

But when we lookt our Engliſh men through,
Two hundred good fellowes we did not miſſe. For a down, &c.

Now God preſerve *Edward* our King,
With his two Nuncles and Nobles all,
And ſend us Heaven at our ending:
For we have given *Scots* a luſty fall.
For a down, down, derry derry down, Hey,
Down a down down, down a down derry.

Lipps and Eyes.

IN *Celia* a queſtion did ariſe, (Eyes.
Which were more beautifull her Lippes or
We, ſaid the Eyes, ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which pierce the hardeſt Adamantine hearts.
From us, (reply'd the Lipps) proceed the bliſſes
Which Lovers reape by kind words and ſweet kiſſes. (did powre
Then wept the Eyes, and from their Springs
Of liquid Orientall Pearle a ſhowre:
Whereat the Lippes mov'd with delight and pleaſure, (Treaſure:
Through a ſweet ſmile unlockt their pearly
And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping or ſmiling Pearles in *Celia's* face.

O

On black Eyes.

BLacke Eyes; in your dark Orbs doe lye,
My ill or happy deſtiny,
If with cleer looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
If you dart forth diſdainfull rayes,
To your own dy, you turn my dayes. (dwell,
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbes by changes
My bane or bliſſe, my Paradiſe or Hell.

That Lamp which all the Starres doth blind,
Yeelds to your luſtre in ſome kind,
Though you do weare, to make you bright,
No other dreſſe but that of night:
He glitters only in the day.
You in the dark your Beames diſplay.
Black Eyes, &c.

The cunning Theif, that lurkes for prize,
At ſome dark corner watching lyes;
So that heart-robbing God doth ſtand
In the dark Lobbies, Shaft in hand,

To rifle me of what I hold
More pretious farre then *Indian* Gold.
Black Eyes, &c.

Oh powerful Negromantick Eyes,
Who in your circles ſtrictly pries,
Will find that *Cupid* with his dart,
In you doth practice the blacke Art:
And by th' Inchantment I'me poſſeſt,
Tryes his concluſion in my breſt.
Black Eyes, &c.

Look on me though in frowning wiſe,
Some kind of frowns become black eyes,
As pointed Diamonds being ſet,
Caſt greater luſtre out of Jet.
Thoſe pieces we eſteem moſt rare,
Which in night ſhadowes poſtur'd are.
Darkneſſe in Churches congregates the ſight,
Devotion ſtrayes in glaring light.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell,
My bane, or bliſſe, my Paradiſe, or Hell.

CRY-

CRVELTY.

WE read of Kings, and Gods that kindly took
A Pitcher fill'd with water from the Brook.
But I have dayly tendred without thanks,
Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
A ſlaughtred Bull will appeaſe angry Jove,
A Horſe the Sun, a Lamb the God of Love.
But ſhe diſdains the ſpotleſſe ſacrifice
Of a pure heart that at her Altar lyes:
Veſta's not diſpleas'd if her chaſte Urn
Doe with repaired fuell ever burn; (name
But my Saint frowns, though to her honoured
I conſecrate a never dying flame:
Th' *Aſſyrian* King did none ith' furnace throw,
But thoſe that to his Image did not bow:
With bended knees I dayly worſhip her,
Yet ſhe conſumes her own Idolater.
Of ſuch a Goddeſſe no times leave record,
That burnt the Temple where ſhe was ador'd.

A Sonnet.

WHat ill luck had I, filly Maid that I am,
To be ty'd to a lafting vow;
Or ere to be laid by the fide of a man,
That woo'd, and cannot tell how;
Down didle down, down didle me.
Oh that I had a Clown that he might down didle me,
With a courage to take mine down.

What puniſhment is that man worthy to have,
That thus will preſume to wedde,
He deſerves to be layd alive in his grave,
That woo'd and cannot in bed;
Down didle down down didle me.
Oh that I had a Lad that he might down didle me,
For I feare I ſhall run mad.

The

The Doctors *Touchſtone.*

I Never did hold, all that gliſters is Gold,
Unleſſe by the Touch it be try'd;
Nor ever could find, that it was a true ſigne,
To judge a man by the outſide.
A poor ſtaſh of wit, for a time may be fit
To wrangle a queſtion in Schools. (ſhews,
Good dreſſing, gay cloathes, with other fine
May ſerve to make painted fools.
(ſmile,
That man will beguile, in your face that will
And court you with Cap and with knee:
And while you're in health, or ſwimming in wealth,
Will vow that your Servant hee'l be. (friend
That man Ile commend, and would have to my
If I could tell where to chooſe him,
That wil help me at need, and ſtand me in ſtead,
When I have occaſion to uſe him.

I doe not him fear, that wil ſwagger & ſweare,
And draw upon every croſs word,
And forthwith again if you be rough & plain,
Be contented to put up his ſword.

Him valiant I deem, that patient can ſeem,
And fights not in every place,
But on good occaſion, without ſeeking evaſion
Durſt look his proud Foe in the face.

That Phyſitian ſhal paſs that is all for his glaſs
And no other ſign can ſcan, (ſhop,
Who to practice did hop, from Apothecaries
Or ſome old Phyſitians man.
He Phyſick ſhal give to me whilſt I live,
That hath more ſtrings to his Bow,
Experience and learning, with due deſerving,
And will talk on no more then he know.

That Lawyer I hate, that wil wrangle & prate,
In a matter not worth the hearing:
And if fees do not come, can be ſilent & dumb,
Though the cauſe deſerves but the clearing.
That Lawyer's for me, that's not all for his fee,
But will do his utmoſt endeavour
To ſtand for the right, and tug againſt might,
And lift the truth as with a Leaver.

The Shark I do ſcorn, that's only well born,
And brags of his antient houſe,
Yet his birth cannot fit, with money nor wit,
But feeds on his friends like a Louſe,
That man I more prize, that by vertue doth riſe
Unto ſome worthy degree,

That

That by breeding hath got, what by birth he had not,
A carriage that's noble and free.

I care not for him, that in riches doth ſwimme,
And flants it in every faſhion, (Hounds,
That brags of his Grounds and prates of his
And his buſineſſe is all recreation. (Land,
For him I will ſtand, that hath wit with his
And will ſweat for his Countreys good,
That wil ſtick to the Laws, and in a good cauſe
Will adventure to ſpend his heart-blood.

That man I deſpiſe, that thinks himſelf wiſe,
Becauſe he can talk at Table,
And at a rich feaſt break forth a poor jeſt,
To the laughter of others more able.
No, he hath more wit, that ſilent can ſit,
Yet knowes well enough how to do it,
That ſpeaks with reaſon, & laughs in due ſeaſō
And when he is mov'd unto it.

I care not a fly, for a houſe that's built high,
And yeelds not a cup of good beer, (kind
Where ſcraps you may find, while Veniſon's in
For a week or two in a yeare.
He a better houſe keeps, that every night ſleeps
Under a Covert of thatch, (the Hall,
Where's good Beef from the Stall, and a fire in
Where you need not to ſcramble nor ſnatch.

Then lend me your Touch, for diſſembling
Ile try them before I do truſt. (there's much,
For a baſe needy Slave, in ſhew may be brave,
And a ſliding Companion ſeem juſt.
The man that's down right, in heart & in ſight,
Whoſe life and whoſe looks doth agree,
That ſpeaks what he thinks, and ſleeps when
O that's a companion for me. (he winks,

A copy of Verſes of a mony Marriage.

1.

NO Gypſie nor no Blackamore,
No Bloomesbery, nor Turnbald whore,
Can halfe ſo black, ſo foule appeare,
As ſhe I choſe to be my Deare.
She's wrinkled, old, ſhe's dry, ſhe's tough,
Yet money makes her faire enough.

2.

Nature's hand ſhaking did diſpoſe,
Her cheeks faire red unto her noſe,
Which ſhined like that wanton light,
Miſguideth wanderers in the night.
Yet for all this I do not care,
Though ſhe be foul, her money's faire.

Her

3.

Her tangled Locks do ſhow to fight,
Like Horſes manes, whom haggs affright.
Her Boſome through her vaile of Lawne,
Shews more like Pork, her Neck like Brawn.
Yet for all this I do not care,
Though ſhe be foul, her money's faire.

4.

Her teeth, to boaſt the Barbers fame,
Hang all up in his wooden frame.
Her lips are hairy, like the skin
Upon her browes, as lank as thin.
Yet for all this I do not care,
Though ſhe be foul, her money's faire.

5.

Thoſe that her company do keep,
Are rough hoarſe coughs, to break my ſleep.
The Palſie, Gout, and Pluriſie,
And Iſſue in her legge and thigh.
Yet me it grieves not, who am ſure
That Gold can all diſeaſes cure.

6.

Then young men do not jeere my lot,
That beauty left, and money got:
For I have all things having Gold,
And beauty too, ſince beautie's ſold.
For Gold by day ſhall pleaſe my ſight,
When all her faults lye hid at night.

The

The baſeneſſe of Whores.

TRuſt no more, a wanton Whore,
If thou lov'ſt health and freedom,
They are ſo baſe, in every place,
It's pity that bread ſhould feed 'um.
All their fence, is impudence,
Which ſome call good conditions.
Stink they do, above ground too,
Of Chirurgions and Phyſitians.

If you are nice, they have their ſpice,
On which they'le chew to flout you,
And if you not diſcern the plot,
You have no Noſe about you.
Furthermore, they have in ſtore,
For which I deadly hate 'um,
Perfumed geare, to ſtuffe each eare,
And for their cheeks Pomatum.

Liquoriſh Sluts, they feaſt their guts,
At Chuffs coſt, like Princes,
Amber Plumes, and Mackarumes,
And coſtly candy'd Quinces.
Potato plump, ſupports the Rump,
Eringo ſtrengthens nature.
Viper Wine, ſo heats the chine,
They'le gender with a Satyr.

Names

Names they own were never known
Throughout their generation,
Noblemen are kind to them,
At leaſt by approbation:
Many dote on one gay Coat,
But mark what there is ſtampt on't,
A ſtone Horſe wild, with toole defil'd,
Two Goats, a Lyon rampant.

Truth to ſay, Paint and Array,
Makes them ſo highly prized.
Yet not one well, of ten can tell,
If ever they were baptized.
And if not, then tis a blot,
Paſt cure of Spunge or Laver:
And we may ſans queſtion ſay
The Divel was their God-father.

Now to leave them, he receive them,
Whom they moſt confide in,
Whom that is, aske *Tib* or *Sis*,
Or any whom next you ride in.
If in ſooth, ſhe ſpeaks the truth,
She ſayes excuſe I pray you,
The beaſt you ride, where I confide,
Will in due time convey you.

A Lover diſcloſing his love to his Miſtris.

LEt not ſweet *St.* let not theſe eyes offend (you,
Nor yet the meſſage, that theſe lines impart,
The meſſage my unfeined love doth ſend you,
Love that your ſelf hath planted in my heart.

For being charm'd by the bewitching art
Of thoſe inveigling graces that attend you:
Love's holy fire kindled hath in part (you.
Theſe never-dying flames, my breaſt doth ſend

Now if my lines offend, let love be blam'd,
And if my love diſpleaſe, accuſe my eyes,
And if mine eyes ſin, their ſins cauſe only lyes
On your bright eyes, that hath my heart in-
flam'd.

Since eyes love, lines erre, then by your direcți- (on,
Excuſe my eyes, my lines, and my affection.

The

The contented Priſoner his praiſe of Sack.

HOw happy's that Priſoner !
That conquers his fates,
With ſilence, and ne're
On bad fortune complaines,
But careleſſely playes
With his Keyes on the Grates,
And makes a ſweet conſort
With them and his chayns.
He drowns care with Sack,
When his thoughts are oppreſt,
And makes his heart float,
Like a Cork in his Breaſt.

The

The Chorus.

Then,
Since we are all ſlaves,
That Ilanders be,
And our Land's a large priſon,
Incloſ'd with the Sea:
Wee'l drink up the Ocean,
To ſet our ſelves free,
For man is the World's Epitome.

Let Pirates weare Purple,
Deep dy'd in the blood
Of thoſe they have ſlain,
The Scepter to ſway.
If our conſcience be cleere,
And our title be good,
With the rags we have on us,
We are richer then they.
We drink down at night,
What we beg or can borrow,
And ſleep without plotting
For more the next morrow.

Since we, &c.

Let the Uſurer watch
Ore his bags and his houſe,

To

To keep that from Robbers,
He hath rackt from his debtors,
Each midnight cries Theeves,
At the noyſe of a mouſe,
Then ſee that his Trunks
Be faſt bound in their Fetters.
When once he's grown rich enough
For a State plot,
Buff in an hower plunders
What threeſcore years got.

Since we, &c.

Come Drawer fill each man
A peck of Canary,
This Brimmer ſhall bid
All our ſenſes good-night.
When old *Ariſtotle*
Was frolick and merry,
By the juice of the Grape,
He turn'd Stsgarite.
Copernicus once
In a drunken fit found,
By the coruſe of his brains,
That the world turn'd round.

Since we, &c.

'Tis Sack makes our faces
  Like Comets to ſhine,
And gives beauty beyond
  The Complexion maſk,
Diogenes fell ſo
  In love with this Wine,
That when 'twas all out,
  He dwelt in the Caſk.
He liv'd by the ſent
  Of this Wainſcoated Room;
And dying deſir'd
  The Tub for his Tombe.

Since we, &c.

Of DESIRE.

Fire, Fire!
O how I burn in my desire.
For all the teares that I can strain
Out of my empty love-sick brain,
Cannot asswage my scorching pain.
Come Humber, Trent, and silver Thames,
The dread Ocean haste with all thy streames,
And if thou can'st not quench my fire,
Then drown both me and my Desire.

Fire, Fire!
Oh there's no hell to my desire.
See how the Rivers backward lye,
The Ocean doth his tide deny,
For feare my flames should drink them drye.
Come heav'nly showers, come pouring down,
You all that once the world did drown.
You then sav'd some, and now save all,
Which else would burn, and with me fall.

Upon kinde and true Love.

'Tis not how witty, nor how free,
Nor yet how beautifull ſhe be,
But how much kinde and true to me.
Freedome and Wit none can confine,
And Beauty like the Sun doth ſhine,
But kinde and true are onely mine.

Let others with attention ſit,
To liſten, and admire her wit,
That is a rock where Ile not ſplit:
Let others dote upon her eyes,
And burn their hearts for ſacrifice,
Beauty's a calm where danger lyes.

But Kinde and True have been long try'd,
And harbour where we may confide,
And ſafely there at anchor ride.
From change of winds there we are free,
And need not fear Storme's tyrannie,
Nor Pirat, though a Prince he be.

Upon his Conſtant Miſtreſſe.

SHe's not the faireſt of her name,
But yet ſhe conquers more than all the race;
For ſhe hath other motives to inflame,
Beſides a lovely face.
There's Wit and Conſtancy, (the Eye.
And Charms, that ſtrikes the ſoule more than
'Tis no eaſie lover knowes how to diſcover
Such Divinity.

And yet ſhe is an eaſie book,
Written in plain language for the meaner wit,
A ſtately garb, and a gracious look,
With all things juſtly fit.
But age will undermine
This glorious out-ſide, that appeares ſo fine,
When the common Lover
Shrinks and gives her over,
Then ſhe's onely mine.

To the Platonick that applies
His clear addreſſes onely to the mind;
The body but a Temple ſignifies,
Wherein the Saints inſhrin'd,
To him it is all one,
Whether the walls be marble, or rough ſtone;
Nay in holy places, which old time defaces,
More devotion's ſhown.

The Ghoſt-Song.

'TIs late and cold, ſtir up the fire,
Sit cloſe, and draw the table nigher,
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainſt the cold;
Your bed of wanton down the beſt,
Where you may tumble to your reſt:
I could well wiſh you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the beſt, the houſe will ring,
Sack, White and Claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, whilſt breath you have,
You'l finde but cold drinking in the grave:
Partridge, Plover for your dinner,
And a Capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall finde ready when you are up,
And your horſe ſhall have his ſup.
Welcome, welcome, ſhall flie round,
And I ſhall ſmile, though under ground.

You that delight in Trulls and Minions,
Come buy my four ropes of St. Omers *Onions.*

FINIS.